

CONQUEROR."

WANTED-OF PAINTING OF THE SALONS OF 1899.

MARK TWAIN'S LATEST.

The Speech of America's Greatest Humorist at the English Authors' Club, Which Made Even the Solemn Britishers Laugh.

NOT since the memorable tour of the world by General Grant has any American citizen had such a triumphant welcome abroad as Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), America's greatest living humorist. He has been greeted in France, Switzerland, Germany and England almost like a crowned head. Public and private receptions and banquets have been given him wherever he has gone.

While in Vienna a few weeks ago the Emperor Francis Joseph sent for him and honored him with a private interview. Mr. Clemens laboriously wrote out a solemn speech in German and carefully committed it to memory. But he became so embarrassed upon entering the study of the Emperor that he entirely forgot it. His Majesty waited a few moments for his visitor to speak, and then was highly amused when Mr. Clemens finally broke into good Connecticut English and told the Emperor the story of his forgotten speech.

Two weeks ago the Authors' Club in London welcomed Mark Twain's arrival in England by a banquet. Sir Walter Besant, in proposing the health of Mark Twain, made a witty speech, and in reply to the toast Mr. Clemens said:

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECH.

IT DOES not embarrass me to hear my books praised so much. It only pleases and delights me. (Laughter.)

I have not gone beyond the age when embarrassment is possible, but I have reached the age where I know how to conceal it. (Cheers.)

It is such a satisfaction to me to hear Sir Walter Besant, who is much more capable than I to judge of my work, deliver a judgment which is such a contentment to my spirit. (Laughter.)

Well, I have thought well of the books myself, but I think more of them now. (Laughter and cheers.)

It charms me also to hear Sir Spencer Walpole deliver a "Praise pleases and similar judgment, and I shall treasure his remarks also. I shall not discount these praises in any possible way.

When I report them to my family they shall lose nothing. (Loud laughter.) There are, however, certain hereditaries which come down to us which our writings at the present day may be traced to. I, for instance, read the Walpole letters when I was a boy. I absorbed them, gathered in their grace, wit and humor and put them away to be used by and by. One does that so unconsciously with things one really likes.

I am reminded now of what use those letters have been to me.

They must not claim credit in America for what was really written in another form so long ago. They must only claim that I only trimmed this, that and the other and so changed their appearance so as to make them seem to be original. You now see what modesty I have in stock. But it has taken long practice to get it there. (Laughter.)

But I must not stand here talking. I merely meant to get up and give my thanks for the pleasant things that preceding speakers have said of me.

I wish also to extend my thanks to the Authors' Club for constituting me a member, at a reasonable price per year, and for giving me the benefit of your legal adviser.

I believe you keep a lawyer. I have always kept a lawyer, too (laughter), though I have never made anything out of him.

It is service to an author to have a lawyer. There is something agreeable in having a personal contact with a publisher. (Loud laughter.)

So it is better to work through a lawyer—and lose your case. I understand that the publishers have been meeting together also, like us. I don't know what for, but possibly they are devising new and mysterious ways for remunerating authors. ("Oh, oh!" and laughter.)

I only wish now to thank you for electing me a member of this club—I believe I have paid my dues—and to thank you again for the pleasant things you have said of me.

"May they not be severed in Twain." Last February, when Rudyard Kipling was ill and severed in Twain." America, the sympathy which was poured out to him was genuine and sincere (cheers), and I believe that which cost Kipling so much will bring England and America closer together. (Renewed cheers.)

I have been proud and pleased to see this growing affection and respect between the two countries. I hope it will continue to grow, and, please God, it will continue to grow. (Cheers.)

I trust we authors will leave to posterity, if we have nothing else to leave a friendship between England and America that will count for much. (Cheers.)

I will now confess that I have been engaged for the past eight days in compiling a pun. (Laughter.)

I have brought it here to lay at your feet. I do not ask your indulgence in presenting it, but for your applause. (Uproarious laughter.)

Here it is: "Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling, may they not be severed in Twain." (Laughter and long cheers.)

FOUND THE OLDEST STATUE KNOWN.

PROFESSOR FLINDERS-PETRIE, the indefatigable Egyptian archaeologist, announces in a new volume published by Quaritch, of London, the discovery of a very ancient statue, the oldest statue in the world, and other relics of pre-historic Egypt, which carry the history of that country back at least five thousand years before Christ.

During last year Professor Petrie and his assistant, Professor Quibell, had been conducting excavations under the auspices of the Egyptian Research Account in the cemetery of El Kab. They opened here some of the earliest tombs ever discovered in Egypt.

It was in one of these small, brick-up chambers that a remarkable statue of Nefer-shem-em was discovered. In this we have the very oldest statue known to man. It is at least seven thousand years old. The most ancient statue discovered up to this time is one in wood, supposed to be that of the Mayor of an Egyptian village of the fourth dynasty (about 3500 B. C.), and two statues of Rahoep, the high priest of Snofru, and his wife, belonging to the same period.

Of all the relics found at El Kab, the sandstone statue of Nefer-shem-em is by far the most interesting, especially when considered in connection with the flint instruments and rude pottery of that time. It gives us a glimpse into the conditions of life of these strange original inhabitants of Egypt before they had attained more than the lowest level of civilization. They did not even know enough to divide the simple potter's wheel, one of the first inventions of advancing mankind. They were slightly more civilized than other Africans, who lived in the forest and relied upon hunting as a means of subsistence, because they had begun to cultivate the soil. In the of Nefer-shem-em, probably have one of the great leaders of this people, under whose guidance they were making their way upward toward that civilization which they were not to perfect because of the inroads of the Assyrian conquerors.



BEETHOVEN. LOHENGRIN. POCAHONTAS. CROMWELL. NELSON.
MARK ANTONY. PETRARCH. KING LEAR. CHARLES I. RICHARD COEUR DE LION.
QUEEN ELIZABETH. LAURA. FALSTAFF. MARTIN LUTHER. HENRY VIII.
LORD AND ELOISE. NAPOLEON. PAGANINI. HEROD.

sm. In the back of the picture is a mediæval walled city. Upon a knoll Cupid, clad in armor, sits upon a war horse, attended by a passes before him in a winding stream of sorrow-laden men and women of all ages. As an intellectual accomplishment the picture

NOT LIVE WITHOUT.

tions of our frame. Now if all these hosts around us, upon us and within us were necessarily our foes, the case of man would be pitiable indeed, for there is no escape from their presence, and it is wholly impossible to exterminate them. But is their extermination desirable? How would the world get on without them?

The active imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells has lately discovered a germ-free world in the planet Mars, and he tells what happens when the inhabitants invade the earth and are exposed to the assaults of microbes against which they have not acquired power of resistance. But he does not attempt to picture the condition of things in the germ-free world itself. Let us try for a moment to imagine the state of the earth deprived altogether of this form of life. Suppose, then, that air, water, soil, animals and plants have all been thoroughly sterilized in the bacteriological sense; suppose that by the universal application of an ideally perfect germicide

every microbe has been killed, while higher living things remain unharmed; and suppose that no new agents have been created to perform the functions of the extinct families. What is the result?

First, we observe with gratitude that we have done with a large number of diseases, acute and chronic, affecting beasts and men. Rinderpest and glanders have disappeared; anthrax no longer slays its thousands among sheep and cattle; tuberculosis in all its forms is unknown. The plague has vanished, never to reappear in East or West. Leprosy, the mysterious scourge of many ages and many lands, at last dies out.

But very soon we begin to miss some things in our germless world. There is no beer, wine or brandy, all the yeast plants having perished by the germicide. No doubt chemists will sooner or later devise a substitute, but natural fermentation is at an end. For the same reason artificial methods of aeration must be uni-

versally employed in making bread; the leaven that has been used for so many ages has lost its potency. Our cheeses will not "ripen," owing to the absence of certain bacilli that used to effect the change, and there is a distinct falling off in the flavor of our best butter. The manufacture of vinegar is stopped, because there is no longer a bacillus aceticus to work upon weak alcoholic solutions.

Along with these changes in our diet we seem to notice some impairment of our digestive powers, which may be explained by the absence of those innumerable micro-organisms which used to inhabit our alimentary canals and which assuredly had some influence upon the processes therein. Certainly the health of our herbivorous animals suffers on this account; they lose the power of digesting the cellulose which enters so largely into their food. And the extinction of the cellulose-decomposing bacteria has also a serious effect upon our textile industries, the tough fibres of flax and hemp no longer separating after maceration in water.

If these decompositions were to cease, if animals and plants were to remain incorruptible after death, how can we shape the conclusion that sooner or later the supply of such available elements must be exhausted, and life itself must come to an end. HENRY S. GABBETT, M. D.

Asphaltum Pavements Can Be Made from Fresh Herrings and Sawdust.

THE notion of making asphalt artificially from herrings and sawdust seems so extraordinary as to suggest burlesque. Nevertheless, this surprising feat has been accomplished by Professor W. C. Day, of Swarthmore College, near Philadelphia. Specimens of the product are now in the possession of the Geological Survey in Washington and were shown to a Washington correspondent by Professor Diller, one of the members of the scientific staff of that Government bureau.

Not long ago a very curious mineral substance, up to that time unknown, was found in Utah, deposited in veins which evidently had once been fissures in the rocks. These fissures had been choked up by bituminous matter gushing from the bowels of the earth, and in this way the deposits of Gilsonite, as it is now called, were formed. It is a singularly pure species of asphalt, and is now being mined in a large way, the production of it constituting an important industry. The stuff is used for making varnishes. For this purpose it is especially good, because varnishes made of it will not crack. Conspicuous streaks of the Gilsonite run like strips of ribbon over hill and dale, so that they can be followed with the eye for miles.

Some of this "gun asphalt," as it is popularly called, was placed in the hands of Professor Day for analysis, and he found that its make-up was such as to suggest an animal origin, at least in part. It is believed nowadays by scientific men generally that asphalt is ordinarily derived from vegetable matter. Such matter, being laid down in vast beds during the coal-forming period, subsequently underwent chemical processes.

It occurred to him that an imitation of it might be made in the laboratory by combining such animal and vegetable elements as seemed to be represented in the Gilsonite, including such nitrogenous compounds as were easily got from fish. So he took, because they happened to be most convenient, a few fresh herrings from the market and put them into a distilling apparatus, together with a quantity of sawdust. Then he subjected the mixture to distillation, the vapor being passed through a red-hot iron pipe and into a flask, in which it was condensed. The resulting product was a perfectly black, brittle, crystalline substance, exactly like Gilsonite in all respects. In fact, neither by analysis nor in any other way can any difference be detected between the two.